MY MAGNOLIA MAID

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My Magnolia Maid.

Robert S. Smith and
Harry T. McGonnell.

Intro.
mf
1. She's dain - ty as a lil - y, As
2. The rob - ins come to woo her With
[Till Voice.]
Slow
fz
Rall.
rare as a - ny rose, In fact my love is far a - bove The
songs at break of day, And when the breez - es speak to her She's

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sweet - est flow'r that grows, The fair - est one in blos - som, A
moved by what they say. I seek her ev - 'ry morn - ing, And

bloom-ing beau-ty bright, And tho' she comes from Sun - ny South, Her shade is al - most white.
tell her of my love, But fear that she looks down on me, She is so far a - bove

Chorus.

She's my Mag - no - lia Maid, Fair - est and rar - est shade,

No sweet - er kind of flow - er, Grows in Moth - er Na - ture's bow - er.

All oth - ers pale and fade, None have the shade and grade Of

My full-blown, My ver - y own, Of my Mag - no - lia Maid, Maid